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Meditations of a Wanderer
and Other Poems



By Eddell M. Whitsett



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This little book has been printed at the request of my closest friends. While it may be far from perfect, I trust that the reader may gain benefit from reading it and be gentle in his or her criticism.

THE AUTHOR.

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no.]

DEDICATION.

To you, Eugenia, I dedicate this little book
in remembrance of our pleasant association and
with deepest appreciation of the encourage-
ment you have given me.

C. M. W.

The books we read become a part of us. Therefore, let those we read be such as will call forth our loftiest thoughts, noblest ambitions, our happiest moods, and help us to make Life more beautiful.



TO EUGENIA.

Oh! Somewhere in the shadows,
Perchance along some lonely shore;
Thy wandering spirit lingers,
List'ning to the wild waves' roar.

Thou knowest not my sorrows.
Time rushes by thee as a dream;
Unheedd and unmarked, alas!—
Lest it reveal the years between.

Eventide fades fast tonight,
The moon doth dimly gleam upon the sea;
And where thou wanderest, there my heart
Is wandering—Lost in Thee!

THE FLOWER IN MY GARDEN.

Oh, like a flower sweet and rare
That fades before the winter's blast
You came into my garden fair,
And from its radiant Summer passed.

Oh, many were the blossoms there
That drank the moonlight and the dew,
And many were the winds to share
The sweetness of my flower, **you**.

Then came a wind whose frosty breath
Swept o'er my garden like a spell,
And I found the Reaper, Death,
Standing where my blossoms fell.

I know that somewhere in the space
My flowers live and bloom for me,
But, in that radiant Garden Place,—
No blossom grow so fair as thee.

WHEN I GO HOME AGAIN.

Ah, soon shall I go home again
Where once I loved to laugh and play.
My aching heart shall feel no pain,
When all the Darkness turns to Day.

Ah, soon shall I go home again
Where Joy and Love were left behind,
Which thro the years I've sought in vain,
And now my eyes with tears are blind.

Ah, soon shall I go home again
To friends I loved in long-lost years;
And it seems to me I hear a strain—
A voice that moves my soul to tears!

Ah, soon shall I go home again
Is all my lips will let me say,
And O, my heart will feel no pain
When all the Darkness turns to Day!

A PRAYER FOR TO-DAY.

I do not ask to look beyond
The Veil that screens the Unknown Way;
But, Oh, I ask that I may learn
To be content with Life today.

A SONG TO THE SEA

My heart's gone a-roaming to the sea-side, dear
Where the billows are foaming and the sea-winds
blow

Where no one is straying, and the waves sing low.

My heart's gone roaming to the sea-side, dear
And there in the gloaming, away from all din
i linger with wonder while the tide comes in.

My heart's gone a-roving to the sea-side, dear
Where white clouds are moving and the weird
sea-song
Fills my soul with delight through all the night
long.

TO EUGENIA.

No darkened cloud drifts o'er thy path
Whose shadow does not fall on mine.
No gleam from Heaven comes to thee,—
But that I feel its warmth divine.

No sunset dies in yon rich sky—
No morn breaks o'er the glimmering sea,—
No flowers bloom, O, friend, for me
Whose beauty is not shared with thee!

CONTENT.

If thou hast learned to be content
When cares would bow th yheart with grief,
When friend seem false, and thy intent
Is misconstrued—give me thy hand.

If thou hast learned to be content
When Poverty impends o'er thee,
When all the world is madly bent
On gain of wealth—give me thy hand.

If thou hast learned to be content
When age comes on, the years fleet by,
When friends drift out, thy youth is spent,
And Life is brief—give me thy hand!

COURAGE.

Tho I must toil and struggle onward,
When my goal seems far away;
Beyond the skies of gray above me—
I know there gleams the Light of Day.

I shall not say my feet are weary,
Nor lose courage through the years,
But I shall journey, always hopeful
E'en in sadness and in tears.

TO THE SEA

Oh, I must go back to the murmuring sea
Where oft I have wandered, and where I met thee,
I miss the refreshing, the salty sea-wind,
And I must go back where, haply, I'll find
Thy spirit still waiting in silence for me.

A WISH

Would that I had the mind of a child,
And the calm, sweet thoughts of youth.
Would I could see, in the life of man,
More of courage, faith and truth.

Would I could dream as a child doth dream,
And awake in joy at morn.
Would I could see, in the rose I pluck,
Only its beauty and not the thorn.

Teach me, oh Spirit of Infinite love
To think as a child, I pray,—
Lift, from my world-weary eyes, the veil
That screens from my vision the Light of Day

THE LOST HOPE.

I know not where my Hope was lost,—
The Hope, which I had placed in thee.
I only know, and yet recall
The day that you were lost to me.

I only know my dreams were vain,
And that the love I gave to thee,
Was but a pleasure to be lost,
And now—a broken melody.

Somewhere I know I shall behold
Thy air, sweet face, and then for me
My every dream shall be fulfilled
In yonder Realm, Eternity!

23

TO A BIRD.

Thou art the same sweet bird, I know,
That sang to me in the long ago,
When care and woe were far removed,
And I was safe with those I loved.

Thou art the same sweet bird, who then
Sang everywhere, o'er moor and fen,
While I ran forth in ecstasy,
And longed to soar in the sky with thee.

Sing me a song, sweet bird, I pray,
While the hurrying world is far away.
I am so weary, and strain,—
Sing to me, songster, again and again.

Softly and blithely, sing now to me,
And my heart shall quicken when I listen to thee.
Fill me with gladness, and courage renew—
Banish my sadness and Life's gray hue.

ETERNITY AND TODAY.

Suggested from Reading Omar Khayyam,

Ere this hast thou not learned
The Great Eternity is but a place
From whence no one hath yet returned?
Where Hope is wandering throughout space
In search of things that never were
And Bliss which is not there.
A place where long
Our souls in silentness await
Some fancied Happiness
In the inevitable course of Fate.

Why sacrifice Today in Lent
For days supposed to be,
For days no one hath ever spent
And yet returned to tell us of?
Ah! grasp the Joys that may be thine—
For thee Tomorrow may not dawn—
Fill o'er thy glass with Pleasure's wine
Before Today is gone!

O, well, someone may say,
Who fancies there will be
An awful Destiny for such as thee—
"Ne'er mind, spend now thy Day
And lose the Great Eternity."

Fill o'er thy glass again and say,
"Thinkest thou I dread the world
Thou sayest is to be?
Hast thou the roll of Fate unfurled
And read therein my Destiny?"

"I'll drink Today, and while I may
Drain every glass that's offered me—
Did not the Poet say, 'A little while
And then, no more of thee and me?"

A little while, and we shall go
Alike into the dust—Then, what—
And who doth know what good 'twill do to trust?

O, WHISPER SOFT AND LOW TO ME.

O, whisper soft and low to me,
How much you loved me Long Ago.
The years have wrought a change in thee,
It seems, and Hope has ceased to glow.

Entreat me not to e'er forget
The pleasers we have known.
The years have brought me deep regret—
But not like that since you have gone.

Ah! say you love the memory
Of that immortal hour,
When all my Hopes were lost in thee—
To recall them now I have no power.

Tell me, tell me, I implore,
That I have loved thee not in vain,
That you have longed to live once more,
The days that cannot come again.

* * * * *

O, whisper soft and low to me,
For my o'ershadowed Soul
Is nearing yon Eternity—
Wherein I see the Final Goal.

I beg of thee to let me bear
This one sweet Hope with me—
That you, you love me, dear,
And I'll not dread the World to be.

TO—

Oh! I often wonder, dear,
If in the world that is to be
I shall have you always near;
Shall there behold this same sweet face
Pressed close to mine;
Shall there enfold thee in my arms as now,
While time goes on throughout Eternity.

THE SHELL.

I wandered once at evenfall
In mystic gloom along some shore,
Seeking there forgetfulness
For days that—O, will come no more.

Ah! long enraptured there I stood,
As one in pensive reverie,
And all my soul with gladness filled,
Betook to murmuring as the sea.

Anon the tide came surging in,
As if incensed, and at my feet was cast
A shell of beauty rare—
Forsooth, it had a Soul within!

A Soul within, which spoke to me
In tones so soft and low,
I fancied it was the voice of one
I knew and loved in the Long Ago.

“Ah! thrust me not into the sea
For I have long been tempest tossed.
I am wounded and a pilgrim—
And all my Hopes are lost.”

I took the shell up tenderly
And held it closely to my heart;
Indeed, before such happiness
Ne'er had I known, this treasure brought.

“Oblivion, oblivion,
For pleasures long since flown,
Hath made this hour sweet—
Why should I sigh for hours gone?

“From what Enchanted Shore, hast thou,
O, little shell been borne?
Perchance from out that Mystic World
To which my Soul shall go—alone.”

And Then The Shell Replied.

“Ah! once I dwelt in happiness
Within a World where Hope was King,
And every day was bright and fair—
And 'twas my duty there to sing.

“King Hope, he loved me well, I know,
How oft we wandered to the shore,
And there for hours I would sing
Of Youth, of Love and Days of Yore.

“Alas! we wandered to the shore—
(That day has long since passed away),
And while we stood enchanted there
We heard a voice sing low this lay.”

* * * * *

I've lingered often on this shore
And watched the waves upon the sea—
Trusting, hoping evermore,
That they would bear thee Home to me.

Oft 'til morn has unto even worn,
I've waited here for thee,
To come from out that Mystic Bourne
That lies beyond the sea.

"King Hope was sad, and said to me"
"I bid thee seek the voice we hear
And take my inmost Soul with thee,
This message, too, I pray thee bear".

* * * * *

I am wand'ring in the Shadows
Near the Great Eternity—
When thou hast crossed the threshold, Death.
I'll be waiting there for thee.

* * * * *

"Methinks I've found that voice at last—
In truth 'twas strangely like thine own—
Now, cast me far into the deep
And Hope shall find me ere the dawn."

Ah! sadly when the tide returned
I threw the shell into the sea,
And out the deep a Spirit rose
And bore it far from me!



I do not crave for wealth or fame,
For future years to bring me pleasure;
The time has flown I need not name
That bore away my heart's fond treasure,
And yet I truly hope
That my efforts shall not be in vain.
I trust that my dim light may guide some Sailor
On Life's uncertain sea.
And when the flood of years shall cease to flow,
How Sweet 'twill be to know in bliss.
The ones I loved long years ago!

FAME.

I sought to mount the Heights of Fame,
And, Oh! my heart would not be stilled,
Until I gained the Pinnacle
And Fate my wond'rous Dream fulfilled.

The Path was rough and I grew faint
For want of strength to journey on,
When Courage failed and Hope was lost
And I was left to drift alone.

Undaunted, still I struggled on,
And murmured not when friends had fled,
And stifled grief o'er shattered Dreams—
E'en Failure's stare gave me no dread.

Higher, and higher up, I climbed,
Beholding only in the years
A realization of my Dream—
But, Oh! it brought me tears!

The fantasies of things to be
Are less alluring when realized,
For when I reached the topmost round—
All, save my soul, was sacrificed.

TO THE FUTURE.

I know not what the future holds for me;
Whether more of sunlight or of shadows
Shall be mine; But this I know,
Whate'er it be, my heart shall be hopeful,
And I shall not repine.

He who pilots my footsteps each day,
Shal be with me thro' gladness and sorrow;
To lighten my burden on life's weary way,
And I'll trust to His keeping
The Unknown Tomorrow.

I dread not the approach
Of that Inevitable Hour
When into Eternity my spirit is called;
At the threshold of Death,
I shall stand unappalled,
For I shall be safe in His Infinite power.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR.

Behold the mighty armaments,
Long drawn, arrayed from sea to sea;
Behold the trembling thrones, alas!
And kings that soon shall cease to be.

From yonder battlement afar
There comes a deadly volley forth;
See, how a thousand men or more,
Are mowed as weeds upon the earth!

The surging lines move madly on,
Incensed, forgetful of their law and God.
The ghastly dead melt not their hearts,
Nor groans of men or blood soaked sod.

Along the way they leave no trace
Of homes nor fields with ripening grain.
No city sleeps reposed and still
That hears the din as they march amain.

Oh! men have fled from clemency
And spurned her plea for peace,
And they have drenched their swords in blood
As if the fight should NEVER cease!

Behold upon yon battlefield
A million men. Along the shore,
Lie a million men who hear the call—
"To arms! To arms!"—no more.

That you should be thus sacrificed,
Oh! martyrs to a cause unknown,
Does seem incredible, alas!
Yet aught it seems can now be done

How long, how long in dread suspense,
The dawn of Peace shall we await?
When war no more shall scourge the world,
And render nations desolate.

They hasten to the river's shore;
From whence did come so many men?
The God of War gave but one call,
Behold the horde that followed him!

Oh! thou impetuous king,
Who hath a nation sacrificed
At thy altar of ambition—
What gain hath thus been realized?

Thy wasted lands are steeped in blood
O'er which thou ledest now as captive,
A guiltless people—Ah! thou canst ne'er
Such insolence retrieve!

* * * * *

Yon antique tower ablaze from shells,
Stood fairest once among them all—
See how the sacred altar lies
A mass of ruins beyond recall.

Ye have consigned to flames
A shrine erected to thy God,
Who since the world began
Hath blessings poured,
Despite the doubt of man.

The effrontery with which thou dost
Invoke the favor of Divinity
In such a devastation,
Indeed appalls humanity!

Come hence, and look beyond the veil,
Thro' centuries to be—Alas!
Behold the multitudes borne down
By debt and sorrow as they pass.

Ah! but one word from thee
Might once have stayed that dread decree.
Ye set the torch of war aflame
And thus began the misery.

Oh! maddened Vengeance shall descend
And hurl thee from thy throne
To infamy and keen remorse,
And e'en thy life shall not atone.

* * * * *

Hast Thou, O, God, forsaken man—
Remembereth not that he is dust,
And wilt not end the awful strife—
In whom shall we then place our trust?

Adown the vista of the years,
And e'en thro' ages that will be—
I see the nations yet unborn
Struggling for Supremacy!

Oh! they with faces lifted up,
Implore Thy clemency—
Do Thou forbear a little while
'Til man shall turn to Thee.

When he hath realized
That worldly laurels are but dross,
He shall turn with heart and soul
To follow Thee and bear the Cross!



After Youth, there comes an awakening
Like that of one who dreams a pleasant dream,
And the awakening makes the dreamer sad,

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A STROLL IN A
WOODLAND AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

Beyond the woodland sinks the sun
And shadows fall upon the field;
The weary laborer's task is done,
The orchis fragrant odors yield.

Before me lies a misty plain
O'er which the dying sunlight gleams;
Thro' the glen and down the lane,
I trace the yellow, languid beams.

Upon yon woodland, far away,
Falls the splendor of glimmering rays;
On slowly creeps the twilight gray,
While the sunlight takes his last fond gaze.

Across the sky drifts purple clouds,
Swiftly speeding from my sight;
Stars approach in numerous crowds
Serenely streams the soft moonlight.

Afar a Silent City rears
Her marbled towers high;
Mine eyes fill o'er with bitter tears—
Oh! the years that have gone by.

The wood is wrapt in solitude,
E'en the air is strangely still;
Where none of the noisy world intrude,
My thoughts are straving, far at will.
* * * * *

In the world of Shadowy Day,
Where scenes return of years long flown;
For hours that have passed away,
Oh! let me find oblivion!
* * * * *

Should I forget those pleasures dear,
Recall no days that have now flown?
Ah! no. sad memory lingering near
Entranced me and my hopes are gone!

Ah! like those clouds,
A weary wanderer now I roam,
And I am far from God and home;
Within the coming years I see
No gleam of joy awaiting me,

Oh! life hath now lost every charm it ever held
for me, and

And drearily, drearily drag the days.
Unknown, ungained, the Great Eternity
Beyond which gleams the Light always!

* * * * *

Ah! now my weary dream has passed,
How swift the change came over me!
The spell to wonderful to last,
Has left me in a reverie.

The Reverie.

At last I've gained my blissful Bourne,
And all the heartaches now are o'er;
Behold! the mist I revel in,
Behold! how beautiful the Shore!

A boundless, endless world indeed,
A Mystic World, where hangs o'er all
A cloud, like that which veils the years;
The years—the years beyond recall!

A REVERIE AT EVENING.

When twilight is fading into night,
I love to wander in that woodland,
I love to muse in the pale moonlight
And dream of hours that are yet to come;
There's joy in the silent wood
Where none of the noisy world intrude;
I forget the hopes that are blighted
And walk with Nature hand in hand,
Who soothes my weary heart.

TO A STRANGER.

I saw you once, you crossed my path,
But that was long ago,
And o'er me lingers yet, where'er I go,
The sacred light you left.

Ah! now it seems that Mystic Light
Doth dim and dimmer grow,
Like the stars at early dawn,
When the sun begins to glow,
And all my hopes are gone.

I saw you once, you crossed my path,
And sad the while since then;
And Oh! that Light is but a Shadow
That will ever, ever follow,
But never gleam again!

LINES TO MY SCHOOLMATES AND EARLY COMPANIONS.

Valcour.

Valcour, schoolmate of my earlier years,
The link is broken that bound our hearts as one.
Together we roamed o'er the pine covered hills,
Together we pored o'er long forgotten lore.
In Autumn we gathered with childish joy
The nuts in woodland or glen.

Rivals we were for the prize that was given
To him who masters the studies
By pedagogues taught.
Ah! have you forgotten the days that have flown,
Hours we know now were too beautiful to last,
Or the wide stretching wood that stood near
the School?

Oh! fondest of all recollections—
Those days that are gone!

In years that may come,
No matter my fate;
Tho' memory trace with deepest regret,
The hours of bliss forever now flown.
I'll smile thro' the ears that may dim the way.

Oh! dream of all dreams—
The days that are past!

And have you forgotten, when deep in the wood,
The quarrel between truest of friends;
How I, when challenged, went forth
And trembled with fear as a leaf on a tree?
Yet parted the combatants I thought I had accomplished
A victory that should be recorded
On the pages of history.
And there on the spot where the deed was done
Erect a monument forever to stand?

From those scenes my heart's childish fancy
Has never learned to stray.
Then, I marked not the sadness that Autumn e'er brought
I marked not the wailing of the bleak Autumn wind.
I heard not a sigh the breezes e'er bore
Tho' sweeping through the City that slept.

I read unmoved, the moss-covered rhymes
On the towers that marked each home of the dead,
I deemed it were useless to sigh
For the Spirits who reveled in bliss,
Often I knelt in the old village church
And prayed that the Father might guide me
To the shore that re-echoes the songs of the blest!

Oh! time, ye have fled with my joy and my hopes,
But not with my tears!
In the future I see no bright, cheering beam,
But Heaven will bless me in my hour of grief.
And when in the evening of Life I retire
For a sweet oblivion of sleep,
Thy last glaming ray then lead me
To the quiet, lovely land of Dreams.

TO THE THRUSH.

Thou sangest a song that was sweet and gay
In the dark woodland at the close of day,
And I and my soul went forth to hear
Thy notes divine and deep and clear.

Thou sangest a song of the days that were gone,
Of the long lost years and pleasures flown;
Thou sangest of the faces I could not recall
And that was the song which was saddest of all.

Thou sangest of the beauty of the stars and
night,
Of the moon in its splendor that was gleaming
so bright;
Thou sangest a song to my soul and to me
Of the happiness we'd know in a World that
would be.

Thou sangest of the Day that would come again,
The pleasures we would share, and then
Thou sangest of the faces we at last could recall,
And that was the song which was sweetest
of all.



How beautiful is Hope! She springeth
As a flower in the desert places of life.

TO BYGONE DAYS.

But, ah! they're gone,
Those sweet, sweet days of yore;
Forever lost, gone forevermore;
Fain would I recall ye happiest,
Dearest days of all,
Then my soul was glad and free,
Filled with songs and ecstasy.

Oh! sweet are the thoughts of your
Golden hours,
Which in my memory forever shall remain
When all other charms have lost their powers,
Thy visions shall comfort me oft' and again.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Now the wood is bleak and bare,
Gone the skies that were so fair,
Flown from every glen and dell,
The lovely birds, Farewell! Farewell!

Ah! how can I pass through
The dreary days that have no cheering hue!
The retreating sun that dimly gleams,
Sheds o'er me but fantastic dreams
Of other, lonesome, weary years,
Which have drifted past
In streams of tears.

A sullen veil impeds twixt Earth and Heaven,
The wind seems unto sadness given;
For he hears no bore, no more,
The song of bird which late he bore,
To weary hearts that sought his cooling breath
In woodland dells among the heath.

TO—

Oh! thou are lost, it seems to me,
And I can call thee back no more,
And I can call thee mine no more.
Since we have parted, joy hath fled
And borne thee to another shore.

Oh! that I could stay dread Fate,
And yet revoke her sad decree,
And yet recall her mad decree,
Revive my blighted hopes again,
I'd find and bring thee back to me.

REVERIE AT MORN.

Oh! for an hour alone with Thee,
For Thou hast hastened from this world;
And on Thy throne with head bowed low
Thou gazest down thro' a darkened veil.

Oh! men have fled from reason—
Forgetful of their vows to Thee.
Thou wond'rest why
They call Thee still a "Mystery."

Thou Great and Unknown God, to me
It seems I must commune with Thee;
Within the heart there is a call
That none can answer—only Thee.

Oh! could I call Thee back to me,
For Thou art good, and knoweth all;
Vain man hath mocked Thy gentle voice,
And careth aught if he shall fall.

Oh! pardon for a conscience lost to Thee,
For I shall never gain the other Shore;
But in a world of mystic gloom
My soul shall wander ever more.

A WISH.

Oh! let me from the sordid strife
That marks the lives of men.
Give me the simple life,
The heart of the woods again.

Oh! let me from the sickening gloom
That comes with hidden face,
In guise of bliss and summer bloom
With mien of wonted grace.

Give me the light of autumn sun,
Like that which gleams afar,
Upon the fields, when day is done,
And dies away for evening star.

TO MARIE.

Whose voice is soft and so enchanting,
Whose face is sweet and fair to me;
Whose tender touch is so entrancing,
Whose life is more than mine to me?
Thine own, Oh! dear Marie.

Speak only one kind word to me,
And all my sadness steals away.
Sing but one song and ecstasy
Shall fill my soul through all the day,
As thine is filled with joy, Marie.

TO MARIE.

Beholdest thou yon Silent Sea?
Beyond it dwells my sweet Marie—
Beyond it smiles my sweet Marie.
When eve'n comes, she seeks the shore
And beckoning, stands and waits for me.

Dearer, as the years drift on,
Nearer, like the tide that sweeps to Sea,
Dearer every hour, 'ere 'tis gone,
You seem, Marie, to me.

Nearer seems your face than e'er before,
Fairer than in the years now flown.
Closer seems your heart—yet come no more
The days that we have known.

Oh! memories of you, Dear Marie!
Oh! forgetfulness for all the Past!
Let me look into the years
As far as I can see
And recall no more
The days that could not last.

Oh! nearer seems the world to me
Since you, dear heart, have crossed my way;
The thought of you, my lost Marie,
Is one that fain would stay.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Where the songbird sings the sweetest,
Where the fairest flowers bloom;
There is where I love to wonder
Near my gentle Mary's tomb.

Where the drooping cedar sighs,
Where all is calm, so calm and still;
There, nothing breaks the silence
But the ripple of the rill.

In that silent marble City
I can hear her voice so low,
Whispering thro' the fragrant breezes
Of the years of long ago.

I can hear her softly singing
Songs that now I have forgot—
A vision rushes to my memory—
That time—Oh! name it not.

Now I see her in the heavens.
Clad in robes of spotless white;
Rejoicing, mingling with the angels
In a world of Pure Delight.

She has vanished from my sight,
To other realms her soul has flown;
And I am left to wander,
On forever, all-alone.

A LAMENT.

Why sighs the wind thro' yonder grove,
And silence sway unbidden?
Why does my heart forever rove
Around those towers by mosses hidden?

A dreary spot, yet, Oh! how dear,
A Sacred Shrine where I my love
Pour forth in tears for her
Who slumbers near, whose soul
Has long since flown above.

Oh! why these bitter tears,
These weary days? Why should I sigh
O'er blighted hopes and other years,
And hours which have drifted by?

Ah! Hopes and Dreams too gay to last,
To you, Farewell!
You now have passed
Into the world of Shadowy Day.

* * * * *

The wind sighs low in yonder wood,
The moon gleams, dear, upon the way
That thou and I no more shall tread,
Since thou hast flown for aye.

Oh! Time and Change,
You have flown with my joy;
But not with my tears—
No happiness have I without alloy—
Sorrow for Gladness appears.

Oh! Silence, solace in my lonely hour!
I cannot tell to thee my thoughts;
My pen falls quivering, without power
All else save thee forgot.

THE CALL OF MY WESTLAND HOME.

'Tis a plaintive call—like the sea-gull's cry
That seeks her nest when the waves leap high.
'Tis a lingering call-like the tone of bells
That sound afar o'er hills and dells.
It bids my heart to cease to roam
And take the road to my Westland home,

'Tis a call that haunts me all the while,
Like a long-hushed voice that comes to one
From out the silence of past years
With memories sweet of days that are gone.

I must heed the call to the prairie land
For my heart is tired of empty years,
And I long for the peace that might be mine
In my Westland home where there are no tears.

TO—

Oh. I have wandered, dear, so far
And sought for thee in every clime—
'Til now it seems you've drifted out
Beyond all hope, and space and Time.

It matters not where'er I go
Thy presence follows, follows me.
In every sky and sunset fair
I see the calm, sweet face of thee.

FOR THE "BLUES"

Wen I gets to feelin' weary
Kind 'o tired 'o Life, you know,
I starts to singin'-keeps on singin'
An' I givs my "Blues" de "go".

It's hard to keep on smilin'
Wen ole Man Trouble comes along;
But I finds dat he wont' linger
If I sings a little song.

So, wen I gets to feelin' weary—
Kind 'o leery, don't you know,—
I starts to smilin'-keeps on smilin'
An' I gives my "Blues" de "go".

A DREAM.

I dreamt I sat one night with thee,—
Alone with thee beside thy bed
While thou wert passing from this Life
I saw thy flushed cheeks grow pale,
And, oh, it seemed my heart would break
When thy sweet face was turned toward mine
And I bent o'er to kiss thy fevered lips.
I heard thee whisper—"I am going."
And then thine eyes were fixed on mine.
It seemed thy gaze did penetrate
My heart, my thoughts, my very soul!
And as the Light and Life of those sweet eyes
Did dim and dimmer grow
The Hope, that long my heart had cherished, fled.
And then my soul went out with thee!



We'll wander, dear, no more
On this enchanted isle,
This Mystic World and Shore
We'll leave behind awhile.

TO—

Come let us fling far into space
All reveries and dreams of years
Now lost for aye to thee and me,—
For Life is but a little span.
Ah, waste it not in useless tears.
Forsooth, we not what awaits the After-life,
If anything.
Then what a foolish deed it seems
To sacrifice our hearts' desires
And to come fleeting fancy cling.
I'd rather have one thistle bloom
To call **my own** and hold it in my hand
Than **promises** of all the flowers in Eternity.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I heard thee sing at eve, sweet bird,
When all thy gay companions far
Into the night had flown. A star
Came out and followed me
When I went forth to hear thy song.

And as thy wild, sweet notes did die
Away to echoes soft and low,
My heart stood still a moment
Then all my sadness fled with thee
And blended with thy melody.

TO MY MOTHER

There's a beautiful isle
In a far-away sea
Where thy voice, all the while,
Seems calling for me

I've wandered and sought thee
In gladness and tears,
And my Journey hath brought me
To the Hope of the years.

TO—

When thy sweet face is pale with death
And I bend o'er thy form to say
"Farewell" to lips that answer not
God, give me hope and strength, I pray.

May I recall no unkind word
Nor tears that may have brought thee grief.
May I rejoice that you have found
In God and Heaven a sweet relief.

And in the years that wait for me,
I pray that thy sweet spirit, dear,
Shall always guide my steps aright
And I shall feel that you are near.

I HAVE LOST YOU!

I have lost you—Oh, I've lost you
And my sadness deepens with the years:
Can you not come from out the Shadow,
And dispel this mist of tears?

I have lost you, Oh, I've lost you
And the gladness of your smile is gone
Could not your Spirit linger near
E'en just an hour, when I'm alone?

I have lost you—Oh, I've lost you
And your song, your voice is hushed and still.
The joy we knew is far behind
With dreams that never were fulfilled.

I have lost you—Oh, I've lost you
And the love your heart bestowed on me.
Can you not whisper through the Silence
Just one word to gladden me?

TO A TOILER.

O, brave, sweet soul that toilest on
Amid the turmoil and the strife
At weary tasks from day to day,
And murmur'st not when pain or loss
Must be thy lot, and o'er thy path
The sunlight often dimly gleams.
Teach me how to go, I pray,
Unreluctantly, and do my work
Tho' weary it may be
And bear the courage which thou hast.

If I can be content to-day,
I will not seek the distant shore,—
I will not ask to live again
The happy days that come no more.

TO E. V.

That Realm from whence thy soul and mine
Emerged to this Uncertain Vale,—
Knew thee and me, and I knew thee,—
We dwelt there one in some fair dale,
And, there my Spirit wanders still.

* * * * *

O, I have anchored one sweet Hope
Afar in yon Eternity,
And, tho the years bring bitter tears.
That Hope, with its sublimity,
Shall make my heart forget its grief.

TO—

O, wander where thou mayest
Beyond all space and time
In quest of some sweet draught
To still the voice of conscience.
Wander on, but know, my friend,
'Twill not be found in any clime.

TO ARMS, AMERICA!

We falter with wonder why empires to-day
Are rapidly falling into dust and decay.
Why the Spirit of Freedom seems facing defeat,
And Peace has been driven in hasty retreat.

Why millions are dying, dying and more
To perish as nobly ere the struggle is o'er.
Why the Spirit of Repression with her banner
unfurled
Has challenged and threatened to conquer the
world!

Out of an Abyss of Destruction and Wrath,
The Demon,—called "War" has entered our path.
Innumerable, immeasurable the horde as they
stand
Waiting to ravage our blood-bought land!

We're struggling for Freedom, and Democracy's
Light
That men may be wrested from Tyranny's might.
We're striking for a free land where free men are
born.
Where Hatred and Oppression are held as in scorn

We're dying for Liberty's cause among men,—
We're dying for Home and Peace once again.
Oh, hasten America, with your Army and Fleet,
That Democracy may stand Immovable Feet!



Let come what will and do not fret,
Tho' dark the days pass o'er thy way
The olden years and long lost love,
O, do forget. The flowers that bloom,
And Joy that for a while
Fills o'er thy glass shall vanish with the years.

TO A FRIEND.

Ah, strangely sad, it seems to me,
That friends we love should drift so far
Unheeded down the myriad streams
Until they reach the Impassable Bar,
And then we turn in haste to say
"Farewell"—before they drift away.

Yet quite more strange and sad it seems
That long-loved friends should change,
 and then
Drift out to leave us but a shattered dream
Of what they were or might have been.

* * * * *

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

Oh, none hath sung so well as thou.
Thou art the dreamer's poet,—
A Singer of deep Mysteries
Upon a lute of magic strings.
Thou touchest cords responsive to thy theme,
Which hold the listener mute until thy song is
 sung.
Thy tones, thy songs stay with the heart
That tears them, even once,
And feels the spell of thy Enchanted Harp
Come o'er it like a wondrous dream.
Tho one would evade thy wild lament,
He can but list until the end
In Mystic Silentness.

Here beneath this sylvan shade,
Let me dream an hour by.
For, O, To-day, thou soon must fade,
And leave behind a smile or sigh.

Like the flying of sweet moments;
Like the sighing of the West-wind;
Like the dying of the sunlight
Passed my smiling Majorie
Into the world that is to be

TO A LITTLE FRIEND.

O, out of the shadows of years that have flown
I beg you, come back, little man, as of old,
"An' les' us go fishin' an' playin' agin'
Or huntin' fer relics, an' diggin' fer gol'."

"Wont' you come lookin' just as you did then,—
Bare-headed, light-hearted. Bring a can full er
bait.

I'll get us a cane an' hook, an' a line—
Then we'll go down by the old pastur' gate.—

I hope there will gather a cloudlet or two
Just so you'll look up at the sky an' say,
"You reckon it'll rain much 'fore we git back?
An' aint we a-gonna have fun all the day?

"Les' us sit under the old, shady tree
That stood by the creek when we used to go there,
We'll fling in our lines, an' whisper real low,
"So's twon't scare the fishes,—'cause fishes can
hear.

"An' when we're through fishin',—I want you to
say,
"Oh, tell me some stories. Just any you know.
'Bout Jack an' the Beanstalk, Brer' Rabbit an' all
Or make me up some like you did long ago.

For O, little man, I've never since found
Any joy like that of our childhood years,
When we listened at night to the whippoorwill's
song
And our hearts knew nothing of sadness or tears.

And that is just why—why I want to go back,
And meet you in memory, and sit by your door,—
It will rest me from wandering. And lighten
my heart
To see the glad smile on your face once more.

TO YOUR EYES.

When I gaze in the streams of thy languishing
eyes,
I behold the reflection of thy beautiful soul;
And, Oh, as a dreamer enraptured,—appalled,—
I linger and worship, completely enthralled.

Ah, the wonderful dreams in thy Mystical eyes
Are entrancing, enchanting, like a Magical spell,
And I stand as a captive 'neath the treacherous
Wand
Of their power and beauty, unconsciously charmed

Ah, the luminous light of thy sparkling eyes
Hath shown as a candle in the Night of my Soul;
And now, while we linger, Oh, let me arise,
And drink to the charms of thy marvelous eyes!

A WOODLAND REVERIE.

I love to seek a lonely spot
Far in the woodland, and retreat
From all the world a little while
Where quietude and calmness meet.

A spell, it seems, comes over me—
So deep, it stills the troubled mind,
And I forget in my repose,
The restless heart I left behind.

Within an hour I live again
Thro many years; and in my dreams
I live my life anew. I tread,
With careful step, a different path,
And change my thoughts and ways it seems.

And in the soft, calm breeze that blows
Among the branches o'er my head,
The voice of Him doth seem to say,—
"Of Life nor Death, have thou no dread!"

TO—

Ah! linger in the shadows, dear!
Or where the glim'ring sunlight falls;
Come, let us wander, dear,
Where'er yon woodland calls.

I'll lead thee not in shady bowers,
If thou dost love the sunlight fair,
But 'long a path of beauty rare
Where blossom lovely flowers.

And thou shalt pluck the fairest bud,
And I shall wear it as a token
Of the love that's left unspoken,
Which came in the breeze that blows.

Thou shalt seek thy favorite dell
Where the ligering sunlight gleams,
We'll wander long the winding streams
And whence we've gone—no one can tell.

Oh! say not nay, while my heart is gay,
But come with a heart that is glad
Like mine—ere my soul is sad—
For we may not see another today.

TO—

I sought for one, oh, dear, like thee!
Among th crowds, in every place,
'Til hope was lost, it seemed to me,
Before I found thy lovely face.

Through all the years before we met,
I was like a sea shell cast
On some strange shore—
Oh! let's forget those years,
For they have long since past.

ODE TO M.

The night is so calm and still,
Breezes blow softly in yon woodland,
Where the moon casts her shadows
To wander at will.

High on some bough
From her silent abode
The owlet is wailing,
And so is my heart, wailing now.

How dark is that woodland
Where oft have I roved;
The moonbeams steal gently along
The pathway I trod,
With her who now lies 'neath the sod.

Why lingers this Sadness,
Like phantoms to haunt me?
Why falter that Gladness,
Like sorrow to daunt me?

Why live I secluded, in despair,
When daily she's calling me
To that heaven so fair?
Anon shall I answer your call.

I'll answer in accents of beautiful song
And then I'll be with you,
My dearest, my all,
To dwell forever in the Heavenly Throng.



Sweet is the breath of the autumn breeze,
As it sweeps o'er meadows, by flowers, through
trees.
The sun shines warmly on the frost-covered plain
And glances through patches of cotton and cane.
Oh! it makes my heart sad
When I see the woods in brown mantle clad.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO MY OLD
HOME.

Scenes of my Childhood,
I am with you again,
To gaze upon that sweet wildwood;
But, Oh; it gives me pain!
All round the old home place
A sadness now reigns;
And I shudder when I think
Of the wonderful change.

Hushed are many of the voices
That I once loved to hear;
And my heart no longer rejoices
But yields to fear.

As I tread on thy floor,
Oh! dearest spot of all;
How my thoughts revert to the
Days of yore!
To sports and gaiety of the past,
Hours that were too beautiful to last!

The garden, and pathway,
Are gone from my view,
The orchard, the meadow—
The grapevine too.

Abode of my childhood,
Shall I sleep 'neath thy
Bower no more?
Shall never I ramble o'er
Those hills again?

Thy rooms are all vacant,
And the loved ones,
Which once tread on thy floor,
Have vanished to be seen no more!

OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

The bleak wind in sighing,
The pale leaves are dying,
And swiftly pass the days.
The sweet flowers are drooping
As cold days come trooping;
Birds have ceased singing
Of springtime in praise.

The dead leaves are falling,
The bob-white is calling
From every bough,
The owlet is screaming,
The moonlight is gleaming
Thru yon woodland now.

OUR FAREWELL.

We said "Farewell," the parting words were
spoken;

Perchance 'twas better so.
I left you then, my heart was broken,
You heard them not, my sigh so low.

'Tis long since we have met—
I murmur not, tho' my heart sighs still.
Sweet memories of thee haunt me yet,
And thy spirit comes at will.

Some day the time must come
When God shall call us both away;
Oh! may we reach His heavenly throne
And dwell with Him for aye!



What means it, heart, that you have loved,
Where is the gain, when you yourself,
Pay all the homage to the friends you've loved—
But love will hope e'en to the end.

TO—

Come, let us wander, dear, alone,
Along the road to Yesterday.
My heart is dreaming of years now flown
Of the hours now passed away.

Thme path is loveliest down the lane
Where childhood's flowers grow;
Those same sweet blossoms let us pluck again,
As we did in the long ago.

THE LOST LIGHT.

Once there shown upon my way
A lovely ray, silver ray,
Brighter it gleamed than any Light
That ever led my steps aright.

Once I heard a kindly voice
That made my lonely heart rejoice;
But now 'tis hushed and still,
I hear it no more, list as I will.

Other days rush to my memory,
Faces from the world to be
Steal 'round me, o'er me as a cloud—
Sorrow flits before me in a shroud.

Oh! might I sip Oblivion
For hours fled and faces flown,
Oh! could I gain that darkened Shore
Beyond which lies the form that is no more.

Oh! memories dark and drear,
Visions of the years that were,
Why do you follow near and haunt me
With a gladness still that daunts me?

TO—

Hast thou beheld at early dawn
When the sun begins to glow,
How all Nature wakes and looks to him—
How he sheds his beams on the world below?

Just so you came into my heart and life
And changed the Shadows into Light,
Every ray that gleamed for me was dim
Until you came and I found in you
A consolation all the while.

But thou hast left me
And our friendship now is o'er.
Take this, thy broken vow, with thee,
Let me behold thy face no more!

TO—

I would that some sweet Spirit, dear,
Could hear my thots to thee
And whisper softly in thine ear
How near, how near you are to me.

A darkened cloud hung o'er my soul
Until I found sweet Hope in thee,
Then all my Life with gladness filled,
Seemed like a dream, a dream to me.

"Ah! Ha!" Decreed some Evil Fate,
"Thy bliss e'er thou art quite aware,
Shall end, and thou be desolate—"
And then you fled, I know not where.

I fancy still that you'll return
Within the years that wait for me,
Oh! let my dreams be not in vain
For all my Hopes are lost in thee.

TO OTHER DAYS.

When the shades of night are falling
And the dewes steal softly from the sky,
It is then that thoughts wander back
To days gone by.

I see as in a vision!

The dear old home beneath the elms
And scenes of childhood are recalled,
The school and schoolmates
Our secrets yet untold.

Visions of meadows, hills and vales,
Rush forward to my eyes,
Fields of daisies, streams of crystal water
And clear skies.

Those days of childhood now are flown,
How sad it is they nevermore come!
Yet still I know a land of beauty
Where we shall dwell eternally,
And all our sorrows end.

Happier far than childhood days,
Is it in that home so fair,
We'll sing of Him in songs of praise,
In that land of beauty rare.

TO MARJORIE.

Oh! Marjorie, my little Marjorie,
You are my sunshine all the while;
What consolations sweet I find in thee,
What a blessing is thy smile!

As one who lingering by the sea
And musing on the Long Ago,
Becomes enchanted, lost in
Reverie and mystic dreams—
Just so am I enraptured—
And my soul is lost in thee.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A PET.

Dear pet, I did not know
That I should lay you low,
This time on yester morn.
Let them laugh and scorn
Who will; if not a tear
Is shed, but mine—care not,
Sweet pet, my tear is thine.

Though no blossoms now are near
To decorate thy grave
When spring returns, fairest flowers
Of the field for thee I'll save.

Ah! let them mock, Their jest
Can never shock the sod
That covers thee, They'll lie
As low as ever thou wilt sink
And the glebe shall cover them
That covers thee!

ECHOES.

Adown the Lane of Long Ago
Where sun and shadow play at will
My heart returns and wanders there
Where Silent Voices echo still.

Again I stand beneath the trees,
And wistful faces come and smile
As tho they wished to say to me
"Oh, come with us and bide awhile."

Ah, like the fresh'ning breeze that blows
And like the fragrance of the flowers;
Ah, like the charm that lingers there
Come the thoughts of other hours.

Once more I hear in Memory
A plaintive song beyond the land
And far through all the wood resounds
The wild, sweet voice of the thrush again.

As night comes on, and silently
The moon in Magic beauty gleams,
And o'er that World a Stillness falls,—
I dream once more, my childish dreams.

Around the old home door, it seems,
The Smiling Faces lost to me
Come back to linger there and say
“We’ve come to bide a while with thee.”

MY CASTLE DREAM.

I built myself a castle fair
Beside the sea of Life;
And long I toiled, yet patiently
Amid the turmoil and the strife.

’Twas wrought of Hopes and Dreams of years,
And oh the wondrous skill I plied
To so construct its walls and tower
That they might brave the surging tide.

And after years of weary toil,
I sat me down upon the shore
To view with pride my palace grand.
“Ah, let”, I said, “the breakers roar—

“And storms assail in fearful rage.
My castle still unmoved shall stand.
Its pillars are of Courage strong.
I have not built on shifting sand.

“I have not toiled nor wept in vain.
I have realized my life long Dream.
How could my heart in early years
Have said, “A failure does it seem?”

* * * * *

Anon there rose upon that sea
A darkened cloud, and waves leaped high—
So high into the air it seemed
They dashed and beat against the sky.

Straight forward to the shore they came,
(As if directed by some Power
Whose awful strength they held within!)
And swept upon my castle tower.

“O, Master of the sea, “I cried,
Wreck not the work of all my years—
My castle is so beautiful—”
But, ah, it fell despite my tears.

* * * * *

And you who build from day to day
A castle as mine own
Will find your labor is in vain
If you strive and strive alone.

If we would have our castles last
Then we must build by the Master's plan;
And tho dread waves submerge the walls,
And storms rage long,—they still will stand.



Somewhere there lies a lovely land
Where Shadows never fall,
Where Phoebus waves his Magic Wand
And lo! there's Gladness over all!



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